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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

THE DISAPPOINTED.

There are songs enough for a hero,
Who dwells on the heights of fame;
I sing for the disappointed—
For those who missed their aim.

I sing with a tearful cadence
For one who stands in the dark,
And knows that his last, best arrow,
Has bounded back from the mark.

I sing for the breathless runner,
The eager, anxious soul,
Who falls with his strength exhausted
Almost in sight of the goal.

For the hearts that break in silence
With a sorrow all unknown—
For those who need companions,
Yet walk their ways alone.

There are songs enough for the lovers
Who share love's tender pain;
I sing for the one whose passion
Is given and in vain.

For those whose spirit comrades
Have missed them on the way,
I sing with a heart overflowing,
This minor strain to-day.

And I know the solar system
Must somewhere keep its place
A prize for that spent runner
Who barely lost the race.

For the plan would be imperfect
Unless it held some where
That paid for the toil and talent
And love that are wasted here.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

STORY TELLER.

THE BARRISTER'S BRIDE.

The Reverend John Derby, one of the most pious and learned ministers of the English church, died in 1812, sincerely regretted not only by the friends who had known him intimately in private life, but also by those who had listened to his preaching. His family consisted of an only daughter named Caroline. Just before his death he determined to leave her to the guardianship of the only man he sincerely loved, a former pupil whom he only thought of as Col. George, but who had since become Lord Wilton.

At that time Lord Wilton was with his regiment in Spain. At Victoria, he heard of the death of the worthy John Derby, who by his last will had left him a pretty child to protect, a ward to educate. At such a distance he could only, after accepting the legacy, write to his sister, Mrs. Fane and beg her to receive the orphan at her home at Brentford until his return.

A short time after, being wounded at the battle of Victoria, he returned to England, and hastened to receive in person his old friend's legacy. He expected to find under his sister's care a child to bring up, a pupil to educate. To his astonishment he found a young lady, with more than ordinary beauty and intelligence; she was about seventeen, and even at that age was distinguished by a certain ardor and exaltation of mind which gave a boldness and originality to all her ideas, sentiments and words.

To the eyes of Caroline the world was a poem, a romance. She lived in an imaginary and fairy-like universe, peopled by the wand of those enchanters called poets and novelists. The realities of this daily life actually terrified her, and it was with the greatest reluctance that she returned from her imaginary rambles through space. She was so easily startled by the faintest sound, so quickly touched by a single word, and so intensely excited by the smallest adventure, that her friends at Brentford gave her the name of "Poetry" personified.

Lord Wilton was very much astonished at the eccentricities which he daily discovered in Caroline's character, and at first distressed and even alarmed; but as he was young, rather an original himself, and he quickly became passionately attached to his beautiful ward. On her side, Caroline was much astonished to find her guardian a man of thirty, clever, intelligent, and full of poetic enthusiasm, instead of an elderly, dull, commonplace soldier, such as she had expected. The discovery delighted her, and in a little while she was deeply in love with her guardian.

The double danger of this mutual affection did not escape the observation of Mrs. Fane, and she determined to put an end to this extravagance, this mysterious passion which was offensive alike to her pride and her principles. She spoke plainly to her brother's pretty ward, told her what she had observed, and begged her to think seriously of the enormous distance that separated the poor's mansion from the humble paragonage. She appealed successively to her mo-

desty, her virtue, her courage and her gratitude. At last Mrs. Fane's eloquent indignation triumphed, and Caroline, weeping bitterly, promised to love and admire her guardian no longer. For complete security, Mrs. Fane at last induced her to promise to marry a rich baronet who had made her an offer.

The sufferings induced by the cruel duty thus imposed upon her finally caused one of those fits of poetic fervor of which I have already spoken. In her fiery imagination, despair as well as hope had its illusions and its dreams; in her day dreams, instead of brooding over her love for Lord Wilton, she thought of the immensity of sorrow and loss. She could not be happy, and so took delight in exaggerating the chances of misery; as it was impossible to end the love romance in the happiness of marriage, in her aching heart she composed the mournful poem of abnegation and sacrifice.

Lord Wilton, who listened and looked on in silence, was entirely at a loss to account for the sudden change in the girl. Her apparent anxiety to marry this rich old man inspired in him disdain and disgust and anger. He could not pardon her preference for Sir Edward Banister, a newly created baronet, a rough sailor, with about as much grace, manner and cultivation, as a pirate.

After many useless remonstrances, Lord Wilton prepared his accounts as guardian, added a handsome sum to Caroline's fortune, and presented her with an elegant trousseau and wedding presents. Praying to God for the happiness of the woman he had lost, he buried his love in a sunny spot in the place of honor in his memory.

After the wedding, the newly married couple started for Edinburgh, where Sir Edward Banister's family lived. Lord Wilton remained at Brentford with Mrs. Fane, but never had the least suspicion of her unfortunate influence in promoting the marriage of Caroline.

Some months later, rumor spoke loudly of a new resolution taken by Lord Wilton; he intended to leave the army and study law. In fact, the young officer threw aside his uniform and adopted the black robe; remembering the labors and triumphs of his university days, he determined to achieve the difficult task in which Lord Erskine succeeded, and one day the colonel became a barrister. Truly it might have been said that he had a presentiment of the opportunity his new career would give him of saving the woman he loved.

Lord Wilton became one of the most celebrated orators at the English bar; brilliant and pathetic at the same time, his fiery eloquence almost scorched his hearers as it passed over them. He was magnificent but dangerous, for at times he sacrificed logic to wit, truth to anger, and conscience to passion.

One day, when reading in his study, his servant handed him a letter just arrived from Scotland. The letter, written by Caroline Banister, was the first he had received from his ward in five years. Joyfully, with trembling hand, he broke the seal, but soon a tear fell from his eye on the terrible message, which contained only these words:

"GEORGE:—I need you to save me from death, and still worse—infamy! Come."

"Quick, quick! My carriage, horses! Caroline's life and honor are in danger!"

At last he arrived in Edinburgh, and inquired—

"Where is Lady Banister's house?"

"This is it, my lord."

"But why is the house shut up? What do mourning liveries mean? Can I see Lady Banister? Where is she?"

"In prison, my lord."

"In prison! And why?"

"God only knows!"

"But I will know! Coachman, to the prison!"

Arrived at the prison, he announced—

"I am Lady Banister's counsel."

"Enter."

"Caroline," he cried, on seeing her, "you are pale, worn, almost dying."

"Yes, I am very unhappy," said Caroline, kissing the hand of him who had come to save her. "You must know that the crime of which I am accused is a terrible one."

The liveliest sympathy and the bitterest hatred are excited on my account. George, you see before you a woman who is accused of poisoning her husband!"

"What! Sir Edward Banister?"

"Yes, he is dead; and now I need a defender. My friend, Caroline, your child, is ready to answer every ques-

tion, and prove to you that she is innocent. Believe me, the worthy daughter of an honorable man—your reverend tutor, John Derby, I am innocent. George, save me!"

"I will save you!" said Wilton. "My father hears you. May God aid you!" cried the young woman.

Lord Wilton settled himself in a hotel to await the end of this trial, which from the wide-spread interest excited, and the great diversity of opinion with regard to it, threatened to equal the other great scandal of the age, the trial of Queen Caroline.

Time passed slowly; the months seemed ages to the misery of Caroline and the noble anger of Lord Wilton. As had been foreseen, the opening scenes of the trial were dramatic, and Wilton, with the enthusiasm of despairing love, endeavored to combat the onward march of the relentless tragedy. Witnesses deposed to the eccentric character of Caroline. "Slander!" answered her defender. They testified against the private life of his client. He cried "Injustice!" They swore before God and man that Lady Banister one day offered her husband a glass of sherry, and science proved there was poison in the bottom of the glass. Again he answered, "Falsehood and calumny!" He no longer defended her, but attacked all accusers, and roared like a wounded lion. He belittled all the world; in the place of Lady Banister his wild anger placed at the bar judge, jury, witnesses, in fact, all who would not admit the innocence of Caroline.

Fatigue and the violent emotions of the struggle at last aided the devotion of Lord Wilton in an unexpected manner. One more sitting, and Caroline would probably have been convicted as a prisoner; but suddenly, at the very moment of beginning an almost impossible line of defence, Caroline's advocate fell back on his seat, pausing, exhausted, fainting. Physicians came to his assistance, but his state was considered so dangerous that the trial was remanded until next session, and this fortunate delay was not lost by either barrister or client.

Wilton was convicted of the accusation, and filled with love for Caroline, to clear her name and crush her accusers he would have given his last breath, the last drop of blood. His enthusiasm was so great that for her sake he invented the strongest climax to her defence ever heard in a court of justice. He bravely went to Caroline and offered to terminate the defence with the announcement of his marriage to the widow of Banister. Yes, he did not fear to beg to entreat her to take his name in exchange for that she bore; and the loving ward consented to hide her widowhood under the noble name of Wilton.

A minister, two witnesses and a special license, and the deed was done! Wilton married Caroline in a corner of the prison at Edinburgh. From that moment her cause was gained in the sight of men, if not in the sight of God; justice might have convicted simple Caroline Banister, but how could she condemn a peeress who had just received one of the most noble titles in the three kingdoms?

The defender's task had become easy; Wilton's new defence was admirable; public prejudice had almost disappeared, and at one eloquent passage another applause was heard; and finally the eloquent orator added, with a voice shaken by emotion:—

"There is no longer any Caroline Banister. I see at the bar only Lady Wilton, my wife, and I ask of you her honor—and my own."

Two or three hours after Caroline's acquittal, Wilton sat alone in a room in the little house which he had taken for his wife. He no longer saw around him the actors in the legal drama just ended; he was no longer influenced by the ardor of secret hope, carried away by his own eloquence or blinded by inspiration and enthusiasm. He was cool, calm and impassive; the judge had already replaced the advocate. He began to remember all the circumstances, all the testimony, and every detail deposed against the innocence of Caroline; he could not forget what had been said against her character and private life; he doubted; began to interrogate his own conscience. The name of Sir Edward escaped his lips, and in imagination he saw the poison dropped into the fatal glass.

At the same moment Lady Wilton appeared on the threshold, a smile on her lips, happiness in her eyes, beautiful, radiant, rehabilitated by men's justice. Without noticing her husband's pallor and emotion, Caroline threw herself on her knees beside him, longing to lavish on him her thanks, caresses, promises.

Suddenly she perceived that he was pale, weak, and ready to faint in her arms. Alarmed at this weakness, which she attributed to the fatigue and emotions of his triumph, she ran across the room, and pouring out a glass of sherry, lifted it to his lips. The sight of this simple beverage alarmed Wilton, he started like a man awaking from a nightmare in horror, snatched the glass from her trembling hand, and emptied it on the floor, drop by drop, apparently seeking in it some frightful thing which he remembered with horror.

"George," said she, growing pale in her turn, "what are you looking for in the glass?"

"For poison," said Wilton.

Caroline gave a cry of agony, and with her eyes fixed upon this new accuser of Lady Banister, she said kneeling at his feet:

"George, you had better have left me to die by the hand of the executioner."

"There is the prison," murmured Wilton, letting fall the last drop of sherry.

Then said Caroline, with the gloomy anger of despair:

"Yes, I did poison Sir Edward, and you are my accomplice, I loved you always, and I love you still. It was my love that ruined me. I was determined to see you again; I was determined to live for you; and I killed the husband that had been force upon me. Now answer me! Which of us is the most guilty?"

Lord Wilton did not answer the question; he crushed under his heel the glass that had fallen from his hand, muttered some unintelligible words, and from that moment ended the intellect and eloquence of the celebrated barrister. Lord Wilton was mad!

Caroline accepted her punishment. Day and night she devoted herself to him. Sometimes, when suffering intensely, she said:

"I have no right to live except to suffer; after the pardon of man, now let me endure the justice of God!"

Time, suffering and crime were powerless to Caroline's lofty spirit. Face to face with her terrible madness, she lost none of her romantic exaggeration, none of those poetic ideals which from the seventh heaven sometimes precipitate one into a most unpoetic reality. For want of a higher ideal to realize, she now dreamed out a poem of expiation, as she had formerly dreamed one of sacrifice.

REVIEWING ITS GOOD RECORD.

EX-SUPERINTENDENT ROGERS TELLS HIS EXPERIENCES AT THE DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTE.

(From the Omaha Daily Bee.)

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Feb. 5, 1886.—[To the Editor.]—In your issue of February 6th, appears a letter from Edwin Booth, of Anamosa, Iowa, giving what pretends to be a short history of the deaf and dumb institution at Council Bluffs. In that letter Mr. Booth takes occasion to continue a bitter warfare against me which he has been waging for the past five years. Heretofore I have quietly submitted to his insults, because he is an old man in his dotage, and also because he is a deaf-mute. But in this instance "forbearance ceases to be a virtue," for he has seen fit to make several false statements, and to drag me again before the public in an unpleasant and false light. I now feel that I owe it to the public, as well as to myself, to correct his statements, and believing that I understand the animus of his letter, I wish to state plainly why it was written at just this time.

First to all I wish to thank Mr. Booth for admitting that I "possessed a certain efficiency." Such a statement is highly edifying from that source, for I think he has never before admitted it. The next thing I notice is the statement that I was of "no value save as an irritant." Does he mean by this that I attracted—drew, was a sort of counter-irritant. Again, many thanks for the compliment. Perhaps this quality was what made my administration so healthy and vigorous, filling every room and bed in the house with pupils; and keeping them in almost perfect health, and always ready for hard work in the school room and in the industrial departments. I look back with great pleasure, in the belief that I did everything in my power to make the pupils feel that the institution was a home as well as a school, and that I always thought of them as my family. Perhaps it was this quality that has drawn from the parents and friends

of the pupils so many expressions of gratitude for the rapid progress the pupils made in their studies and the kindly treatment they received during my administration. But I may be mistaken about his meaning, and yet I feel sure he cannot mean that I have an irritable disposition. After having lived in Iowa most of the time for thirty-two years, I think my reputation for being one of the best natured men in the state is well established.

"On his election for a fourth year, and his wife as matron, four of the best and most valuable teachers handed in their resignations." I was elected for the fourth year and my salary was raised \$300, but I am sure no teacher handed in a resignation. I was secretary of the board of trustees, and would have known such a thing if it were true. Two of the teachers did not apply for a position for the next year. Governor Sherman, in his message to the legislature two years ago, said: "The only reason they sought places elsewhere was because other states paid higher salaries than Iowa could." I did not give this information to the governor, and as he was well acquainted with these teachers he must have obtained it from them. It may be that one of these teachers left the institution because I was re-elected for another year. He was a son of Mr. Booth. For three consecutive years he had sought in various ways to drive me out because he wanted my position, and I have always thought this conspiracy had its headquarters in Anamosa. It sometimes seemed that nothing was left undone that could add to my burdens or make my position embarrassing, and yet in order to satisfy this ambitious young man, I took him from a low grade class and promoted him over the heads of good and experienced teachers until he taught the highest and most desirable class in the institution. But all this did not satisfy him and perhaps he left Iowa because I would not resign in his favor. He sought a position elsewhere and when he found that he could not obtain a desirable place without any recommendation he humbled himself enough to ask for it, and received one that satisfied the board of the Philadelphia institution. In this institution they placed so high an estimate on the young man's ability that he was given a class of young girls to teach.

Miss Van Tassel, the other teacher who left us, saw fit during the year to marry a very nice gentleman, and I hope has found the happiness she has so richly merited. Prof. Kennedy did not think of leaving the institution until after I resigned. Our friendship from the beginning was strong and has continued without interruption until the present. When he saw my resignation in print he came directly to me and said, "I am sorry, I think you have made a mistake." He went to the Illinois institution because he was offered \$600 more than we could pay him.

Prof. Blattner went to the Colorado institution as principal, but not until well along in the next school year. Fourteen out of the sixteen teachers that were elected for another year expressed either in writing or orally their sincere regrets on hearing of my resignation.

My wife was not elected matron. She had acted in that capacity during a vacancy, and after Mr. Booth's insulting insinuation, I am compelled to say that her uniform kindness to the deaf children in our family always found a response in their affection, and while the responsibility rested upon her no child went hungry or cold, nor could one be very long sick without her knowledge and effort to relieve.

"A threat of exposure by the editor of a certain influential daily brought them (the board) together and a vote to dismiss the superintendent was the result." This statement is entirely false. I convened the board regularly, meeting the president, Hon. B. F. Clayton, in Glenwood for that purpose. After attending to regular business I presented my resignation. The board had never intimated to me that they desired such a thing. No one on earth had been consulted in the matter but my wife and my pastor, Rev. Cyrus Hamlin. Allow me to quote from the *Nonpareil* of July 19, 1883. Referring to my resignation it said:

"This will be a surprise to the many friends of the superintendent who has been so quiet about the matter that it had not been known before of his intention to resign. He is a minister of capacity and pulpit power, and no doubt contemplates returning to his chosen profession. His many friends in Council Bluffs will wish him well in his future career."

Mr. B. Hughes, who was once a student in the Kendall College for a year, is preparing to move to a farm near Delaware. There is a deaf-mute woman living about five miles east of Ashley. She works for a rich lady. She has not a good education. Her name is Miss Webb.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Rice and children are well in Delaware. Charlie studied at the Ohio Institution, and he always stood high in his classes. He was a student at the Deaf-Mute College in Kendall Green for one year. He will handle the hawk and trowel the coming spring again, and will be ready for all jobs that come along.

"The Typo" is out of work at present. He has been working in the Record office for the past three months, having quit in consequence of unpaid wages.

"The Typo."

ASHLEY, O., 2-26-'86.

I promised the board to do everything in my power to aid them in securing an experienced man for the place, hoping that such a man would remove the last cause for complaint and lead the institution in a line of prosperity it had never known. One more thought and I will stop. "Intimations reach me from time to time that Mr. Hammond is not the man for the place." Is this another echo from Anamosa in the line of an old family ambition? Does it mean that Mr. Booth's candidate is yet in the field?

This is the first time in my life that I have published a word in self defence, and it will probably be the last, but for truth's sake I have made these corrections, and now thank you for your kindness in giving me this space.

A. ROGERS.

Silver Wedding.

On Saturday, February 20th last, Mr. and Mrs. Williams Sweeney, of Melrose, N. Y., celebrated their silver wedding. Invitations were extended to over one hundred persons, principally deaf-mutes, and by eight o'clock in the evening there were over thirty present to do them honor. The cause of the non-attendance of so many is attributed to the inclemency of the weather, but nevertheless it was a happy gathering which lasted until the dawn of the following day. Some of the presents were beautiful and costly, as well as ornamental, the most noteworthy being a large silver pitcher presented by their mute friends and a silver sugar bowl with six silver spoons, from their eldest son, William Richard Sweeney, and a silver butter knife from William's fast friend, Mr. Routh, who has been employed with him in the book-binding business for the past thirty years. Other presents have been promised by their friends.

Among those present were Revs. Thomas Gallaudet, Chamberlain and Anson T. Colt, and Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman, Mr. and Mrs. Eckardt, Messrs. C. Haar, Schloss, Zorn, S. Edwards, Chas. T. Thompson, L. Woodin, George Ralph, and Gregory Martling, three brothers, James F. Donnelly and Miss Gardiner, Mr. Half and Mrs. Powers, Mr. Tobin and Mrs. Bailey, Wm. R. Sweeney and wife, W. Stilwell, F. Deiser, E. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. DeJesse, Mr. and Mrs. Chrim, Mr. and B. Clarke and others.

Speeches were made by the three reverend gentlemen, Dr. Gallaudet saying that the time which has intervened the day of their wedding to their present silver wedding has been long, but being as poor now as they were then they have always lived happily together, etc.

A collation was served at about midnight, to which the party did ample justice. They were waited upon by Miss Elmira Smith, a colored deaf-mute lady.

Chas. T. Thompson, in the mean time, gave an exhibition of magical tricks and jugglery, and Herman Zorn had on exhibition several fine crayon sketches, all of which were considered very entertaining.

As the merry party broke up in the morning, they received the wishes that they would live many, many more years of wedded bliss.

As a JOURNAL reporter called on him last Sunday, he was found confined to bed with a broken ankle and his wife carefully attending to his wants. The accident occurred the night before while crossing a street. It is feared that he will be laid up for several months.

ASHLEY, O.

Mr. B. Hughes, who was once a student in the Kendall College for a year, is preparing to move to a farm near Delaware. There is a deaf-mute woman living about five miles east of Ashley. She works for a rich lady. She has not a good education. Her name is Miss Webb.

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ASHLEY, O., 2-26-'86.

Reunion in Brooklyn.

The girls of St. Joseph's Institute, Brooklyn, arose bright and early on the morning of the 23d inst., it being the anniversary of the birth of General Washington, "the Father of our Country," as all young Americans know. To see their eager faces, and willing hands and feet, your correspondent could easily guess that something unusual was about to take place; and so indeed it proved to be, as the ladies in charge of the Institute had made generous preparations for a party in honor of their old pupils, who have left them to brave the world.

Some of the pupils were very busy during the morning, decorating the class-rooms and preparing for an entertainment, making everything pleasant for their visitors, some of whom were quite early arrivals; while others made their appearance later in the day.

As each guest entered the parlor, she soon became at ease, and chatted quite gaily recalling pleasant reminiscences of the past.

It was plain to all that they had not forgotten each other; notwithstanding that "Old Time" had done his best to make great changes.

At about 5 p.m., they were all invited to the dining-room by the Lady Superintendent, where a sumptuous repast awaited them.

While they were doing ample justice to the delicacies set before them, they were agreeably surprised by a visit from the Rev. Father Doran, of St. Stephen's R. C. Church, who had a kind word for all.

After a short discourse on Faith, Hope, and Charity, and followed by Benediction in the Chapel, an entertainment was given by some of the pupils of the Institution, who performed their parts admirably well.

There were other amusements which time and space forbids to mention, but suffice it to say that everything was well carried out.

At 9:20 p.m., each one bade adieu to the *Alma Mater*, appearing well satisfied with the amusement of the day.

Among those who accepted invitations were the Misses B. McCue, M. McGlynn, M. Brophy, A. Babenheim, R. Dougherty and M. Williams, of New York.

Of Brooklyn were the Misses M. Donnelly, H. McNamara, L. Lafferty, L. Gardiner, and R. Lackas. Miss McCue was also present with her friend Miss M. McLoughlin. There were also the Misses K. Colligan, L. Mountain, F. Welch, M. Hughes and B. Nolen. The absence of Mrs. Possibil, Misses Devoy, Lowry and McCormack, was much regretted by all their old friends.

SILENT OBSERVER.

BIRTHDAY PARTY.

On Saturday, the 20th inst., a birthday party came off in honor of Miss Alice Maud Hatch, at 51st St., and Fifth Avenue. This event was pronounced the most brilliant affair that had occurred in the society of deaf-mutes brought up at the Lexington Avenue School. About thirty-five pupils and graduates were invited to attend the party, and also Miss Keeler, formerly teacher of the school named above. Miss Hatch was superbly dressed, and was ably assisted by her two sisters in receiving the guests, and she was happy possessor of magnificent bouquets and baskets of costly flowers. Mr. LeClerc, or better known as "Poet" LeClerc, was the manager, and the great success of the grand event was due to his skillful and untiring efforts. The supper was superb, and Mr. LeClerc made a toast on Miss Hatch's birthday, which was received with rounds of applause. Afterwards we had games. The last of the guests left the capacious and hospitable door when the wee sma' hours began to chime in the church hard by. The party was not exclusive, but four young ladies of prepossessing appearance, friends of Miss Hatch, took part in the scene of gaiety and they were treated by the young guests as though they had lost their sense of hearing. Mrs. Hatch, the mother of the young hostess, was conspicuous for her stately and majestic carriage. Among the guests were Messrs. Peak, Frankenstein, Pfeiffer, Bothner, Harrihill, Yankner, Saggard, and many others and Misses Brinck, Jones, Price, Herrieth.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

Rates of advertising made known in application.

The very favorable terms for railroad transit to the Convention of Teachers to be held during the coming summer in San Francisco, will no doubt induce many to go who otherwise might have abandoned the intention. The rate of \$50 for an excursion ticket from Omaha to San Francisco is remarkably low, but, unfortunately, the railroad fare is not the only expense to be considered. There will be sleeping accommodations to pay for, which it is estimated will cost about \$14 each way, as well as meals en route, for which no definite figures can be given, while the tips to the porters will alone foot up enough to buy a box of cigars for each of the party. Would it not be a good plan to make out a statement of probable expenses, giving cost of various items separately, so that no one will attempt the journey without an intelligent understanding of what will be required of his pocket book. A journey across the continent looks simple enough, but it is in reality a bigger undertaking than is generally supposed—at least so those who have been there are wont to remark. Everyone wishes and expects that the coming convention of teachers will be a success, yet if the number who avail themselves of the opportunity to participate in it is reduced to a minimum, the good effects of the gathering will not be so forcible or so widely felt. Much more is gained from individual communion than from condensed and delayed reports that may afterwards be published.

THE Gallaudet Centennial Memorial fund is slowly but surely climbing upward, and in a very short time, at the present rate, will be forging ahead

Statistics.

The following are some statistics for the present College year.

Oldest Man,	Class, '87,	28 years.
Youngest Man,	" '90,	16 "
Heaviest Man,	" '86,	195 pounds.
Lightest Man,	" '89,	94 "
Tallest Man,	" '86,	72 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.
Shortest Man,	" '89,	61 "
Largest Chest,	" '86,	67 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
Smallest Chest,	" '89,	36 "
Largest Arm,	" '89,	13 "
Smallest Arm,	" '89,	7 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
Largest Forearm,	" '86,	11 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
Smallest Forearm,	" '86,	7 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
Greatest " Pull "	" '86,	13 times,
"Smallest " Pull "	" '90,	1 time.
Greatest " Push "	" '86,	14 times.
"Smallest " Push "	" '90,	0 "

NOTES.
The shadow pantomime given at

of their nature or office has quite taken the thoughts of superintendents, stewards, teachers and attendants from their duties, and, during the season of doubt, things have gone at hap-hazard. It was this state of affairs that drove Mr. G. O. Fay, probably the best Superintendent the Deaf and Dumb Institution has ever known, away from this State to an Institution where capability and not politics was the prime essential to permanency of tenure. This is only one of the cases which go to prove that the best men are not to be obtained for offices whose occupants change with every change of the complexion of the Legislature. So far as these State Institutions are concerned, we believe that the greater

says that the pedestal of the Bartholdi statue will be completed by the 15th of April, and

condition. He accordingly called a meeting at his father's house, April 13th, 1815, to take measures to educate this large number of deaf and

more than 6,000 serfs, and the Patriarch of Constantinople, as representing the conv-

not forgotten." We extend our Sympathy to Mr.

John Cummings and children of Somerville, who
are bereaved by the death of his wife and
mother.—*Cor.*

BOSTON.

he "Hub" Wheels in Line and Does Its Share For the Glorious Cause.

DOLLARS AND ENTHUSIASM FOR THE GALLAUDET MEMORIAL.

Who Were There and What They Did.

HE BANQUET AND SPEECHES.

(By our Special Reporter.)

Monday, February 22d, 1886, was red-letter day in the history of the State of Massachusetts. Though the affair we are about to describe was in no sense a local one, yet it is to the credit of Boston's mutes, to have, by their good work reduced their past indifference in such affairs, and have shown their gratitude in a way that reflects only the highest honors on the sons and daughters of the "Old Bay State."

By one of those happy coincidences that so aptly illustrate the "eternalness of things," the management wisely chose the anniversary of the day that gave America, her greatest soldier, her most honored man, and while others were celebrating the event in honor of Washington, the mutes honored theirs—Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, the Washington of the deaf, he who sacrificed a prosperous future in other channels, and went to work to free the deaf from their bonds of ignorance and made them freemen, rather sowed the seed that has borne such glorious fruit.

But Boston, the metropolis of a vast and prosperous state, has many educated, refined, and intelligent deaf-mutes, and it is no wonder that the affair began early on the evening of the 22d and terminated when the first peep of dawn came, was successful in every sense of the word. Every city and town in the state sent delegations, and here were numerous from Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Illinois and the District of Columbia.

The out of town delegations began arriving Saturday and there was a steady stream until Monday evening. The most popular hotel seemed to be the Sherman House, and the prior extended every courtesy.

On Sunday, services were held in Alpha Hall at 10:30, with Mr. P. W. Lockard officiating, and at 2:30, and prayer meeting in the evening led by Prof. Jenkins, of the Hartford Institution. All the services were well attended, and the audience was an attentive, respectful and appreciative one.

Monday was spent in sight seeing, the Japanese Village, Battle of Gettysburg, Old South Church, Faneuil Hall, Harvard College, Bunker Hill Monument, and the many other objects of interest, each had their share of devotees, and while many were thus engaged, that august body, the New England Gallaudet Association, were in executive session the greater part of the afternoon, the principal business transacted was the acceptance of the resignation of their honored president, Mr. J. T. Tillinghast. No successor was elected, but Mr. Oscar Kinsman, the vice-president, will act in that capacity. Secretary Donnelly was absent, but the board magnanimously voted to appropriate a sum to be expended in purchasing a suitable wedding gift to Mr. Donnelly on his coming nuptial day. All the members were presented in the evening, with the exception of Rhode Island's representative, who was unable to remain on account of business that necessitated his return to Providence.

Early in the afternoon, the out of town guests assembled at Paine Hall, while away the time in social conversation.

Three of the New York delegation, attired in their dress suits, went out to Cambridge, and had a large photograph made which did credit to the operator, Mr. H. W. Trupper. At about seven in the evening, the hall began filling with merry pleasure seekers, who, before morning, had their fill of it, and went away contented. Nothing occurred to mar the serenity of the occasion, and "all went merrily as a marriage bell."

Promptly at seven-thirty, Manager Holmes mounted the stage, and made a brief address, expressing his pleasure at meeting so many, and congratulating them on their wisdom in doing honor to their great benefactor, and thanked such as had rendered him assistance, and he then introduced the orator of the evening, Prof. W. H. Weeks, of Hartford, a gentleman, whose name is familiar to the deaf throughout our continent, as an able, conscientious worker in the cause of the deaf, a gentleman, whose whole life has been spent in educating those deaf and dumb-like himself. Professor Weeks has nearly reached three score of years, and carries them lightly. He is patriarchal in appearance. His gray hair and beard impress one profoundly and no fitter eulogist could have been chosen than one, who was himself a pupil of Gallaudet, and has ever since been an earnest follower of him. Prof. Jenkins read his eulogy orally for the hearing portion of the audience.

Then followed an address by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, who responded feelingly, and short remarks by Messrs. Hodgson, Fox, Jones, Tillinghast and Prof. Jenkins.

Next on the programme was the salutation by Mrs. Follette's children, which was very prettily and effectively rendered. This was followed by a "Fan Drill" by the Misses Flagg and Peterson and Mrs. Bigelow, and Messrs. Clark, Skillin and Wood. They were attired in Japanese costumes, and were titled as follows: "Yum Yum," Miss Belle Flagg; "Pitti Sing," Miss Peterson; "Peep Bo," Mrs. Bigelow; "Ko Ko," Mr. Clark; "Pooh Bah," Mr. Wood; "Nanki Poo," Mr. Skillin.

They were very graceful in their motions, and all was in perfect unison.

At the conclusion, Mr. Clark was presented with a fine framed photo of a dog, and Mrs. Bigelow was honored with a plush writing desk.

Then Mr. Wise's children of the Beverley School, gave a pleasing pantomimic performance which evited much applause, at its conclusion, they were presented with a pet pin and hatchet and Mrs. Follette's children were similarly honored.

Next on the programme was "Mrs. Jarley's wax works" the following was the dramatic personae:—"Mrs. Jarley," Mrs. W. M. Follette; "Man of Truth," Fred Skillin; "Violante," Miss Bertha Peterson; "The Boy on the burning deck," Fred Wood; "Adelina Patti," Miss Belle Flagg; "Mrs. Winslow," (Soothing Syrup) Mrs. Bigelow; "Boy Husband," Lewis Follette; "Dancing Girl," Bertha Follette.

This was very well conceived and executed and Mrs. Follette's humor was contagious, all of the participants catching it, and likewise the audience.

Prof. W. G. Jones then came on the boards and his appearance was the signal for great applause. He rendered some of those excruciatingly funny stories that he is so well versed in, and as usual, kept the audience in a roar. This ended, the banquet was in order, and a march was formed to the Banquet Hall upstairs.

THE BANQUET.

About 200 took part in this portion of the evening's festivity. Shortly after all were seated, Prof. Fox at the request of Mr. Holmes, read, in signs, letters of regret from Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, of Washington, D. C.; Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet, of New York; Mr. Thomas Brown, of West Henniker, N. H.; and Prof. Harry White, of St. Lake City, Utah.

Two long tables were extended down the hall, and at the head was the committee and guest table occupied by the following: Mr. Geo. A. Holmes, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, Mr. John Tillinghast, Mr. E. A. Hodgson, Prof. Fox, Mr. A. L. Pach, Messrs. Bigelow, Radolph, Hargrave, and Babbitt, Prof. Jones, Prof. Weeks, Prof. Jenkins, and Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Swett, Mrs. Lockwood, Mrs. Tillinghast, Misses Smith, Patterson, Mrs. Bigelow, Miss Hargrave and Mrs. Radolph.

The menu was a very fine, and the various dishes gave satisfaction to all, there being plenty of everything and everything at hand when called for. After the banquet the guests repaired to the ball room, when Mr. Stout gave his bicycle exhibition, which pleased every one each effort being rewarded with a round of applause. At the conclusion the

GRAND MARCH.

began, led by Prof. Fox and Miss Dudley followed by Mr. Pach and Miss Smith, Mr. Holmes and Miss Patterson, Mr. Bryant and Miss Howes, and about 100 more coupled. At frequent stages of the march, the evolutions were applauded, and it was one of the prettiest ever seen at a deaf-mute gathering. At its conclusion the following dances were reeled off at intervals of ten minutes, and the last was finished at 6:30 A. M.

ORDER OF DANCING.

1. Lanciers,
2. Polka,
3. Quadrille,
4. Waltz,
5. Saratoga Lanciers,
6. Waltz,
7. Portland Fancy,
8. Polka,
9. Virginia Reel,
10. Lanciers,
11. Waltz,
12. Quadrille.

During the intermissions between dancing there were numerous amusements. The most laughable one was the potato race, the contestants on roller skates, made numerous graceful movements, generally ending in smashing something. The idea is about as follows, several lines of potatoes placed about two feet apart at the head of which is a pail. Each contestant has his own "row to hoe" and the glory comes to him who succeeds in getting all in first. From the beginning to the end there was one continuous roar of laughter.

Mr. Moodie was the winner of a prize consisting of a watch chain, for having defeated all opponents.

Another affair that had numerous admirers was the dumb band. It is questionable, however, if this sort of amusement tends to give our hearing friends a good impression of what we consider fun. The "dumb band" is a crude affair at best, and what there is about it that is ennobling or entertaining or instructive your reporter fails to see, but it always has a number of aspirants for glory and fame, and so long as a certain class will have it, just so long will managers provide it as an attraction. Mr. Frisbee and Mr. Carlton, and Miss Lucy Swett and Mrs. Bowden were the prize winners. Mrs. Geo. A. Holmes was awarded a breast-pin for graceful dancing.

WHO WERE THERE.

It would be a source of gratification to all concerned if we could print a complete list of all the participants, but that would be impossible, so we append a few names of those we noticed.

John T. Tillinghast and his young and beautiful wife, of New Bedford, made friends everywhere and were very popular.

Prof. W. H. Weeks, of Hartford, chatted with many of his old pupils. Some of them he had not seen for several years.

Prof. Jenkins, of the Hartford school, rapidly won his way to deaf-mute favor.

A. D. Bryant, instructor of drawing at Kendall Green, probably came the greatest distance.

The New York delegation consisted of Messrs. Jones, Waters, Fox, Hodgson and Pach. All of them were in full dress, and the latter three were the floor directors.

Rhode Island was represented by J. H. Donnelly and Mrs. Follette, of Woonsocket.

Oscar Kinsman and wife, Tom. Burns, Lillie Sprague, Mr. Campbell, and Mr. Dolan, who had his overcoat stolen through not having it checked.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Jackson, of Attleboro, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Porter, of South Framingham, Mr. and Mrs. Howe, Mr. and Mrs. Greene, of Worcester, were a happy set of married couples.

Miss Dudley, of Northampton, Miss "Beth," Patterson, of Woonsocket, Miss Edna Howes, of Hyde Park, and Miss Lilly Smith, of Franklin, enjoyed the dancing probably more than any of the others.

Mr. Alden F. Osgood, of Natick, dignified and senatorial looking, shook hands with old friends and made many new ones.

Robert D. Livingstone, of Springfield, reviewed the many similar gatherings he had witnessed, and said it compared favorably with its predecessors.

Mr. Lacey, of Haverhill, Mass., was the Adonis of the evening, or rather one of them, and Dixey in all his glory could not equal one of these.

Mrs. Swett, Mrs. Bowden and Miss Lucy Swett, from Beverly, enjoyed themselves greatly and the latter was a great favorite.

Wallace H. Krause, as usual, made himself popular with the ladies. We are not going to say he was tall and dignified—he was, of course, but that's a chestnut now.

Miss Bella Flagg, Miss Peterson and the other young "Belles of Boston," were favorites.

Among others we noticed were the Misses Hurly, Tilton, Mr. and Mrs. Lynde, Mr. and Mrs. Frisbee, J. W. Soper, Messrs. Merrill, Williams, Clark, Wood, Skillin, Babbitt, Hargrave, Radolph, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, of Boston, Stevens, Erans, Baker, Burbank, Nicols, Packard and Chapman.

A mysterious gentleman tall, and rather slim, with a tawny beard, enjoyed things, but no one seemed to know him, until he introduced himself, when the joke came out, it was Mr. Geo. A. Sawyer, of Lowell—"General George" as he is generally known.

A delegation of Old Faneuil boys now located in Lynn, wearing pig hats, and quite tongue generally were Messrs. Letts, Lang and Lawlor. Mr. Lang is a candidate of a fair in Lynn for a bicycle, and he received many votes at the ball, which we hope will aid him in getting the Columbia Roadster.

Mr. Stearns, of the Boston Herald, Miss Lovell, of the Globe, and gentlemen from the Post and Advertiser represented the Boston daily press. Mr. Frank O'Neil, of the Banking firm of Chas. Head & Co., and Miss Esther Kilroy, were interested spectators until a late hour. It is to be regretted that they could not stay longer.

Mr. Geo. A. Holmes, breathed a sigh of relief when the affair ended. For days and weeks he had been incessantly at work with the one object in view—Success. He burned the midnight oil, and early and late worked, and that he did his work faithfully is exemplified in the fact of the success that crowned his efforts. His assistants on the committee are no less deserving of praise, and the deaf-mutes of Boston can congratulate themselves on having "in their midst" a set of gentlemen who can manage an affair of this kind, and bring it to a successful issue when the right is given them. We shall look anxiously forward to the next affair, and now Boston cannot be accused of being behind in national deaf-mute affairs. Though the expenses were very heavy, we think the Gallaudet Centennial Memorial will be greatly benefited.

The New York delegations remained in Boston until Tuesday night, when they left via Fall River Line. Mr. Waters remained to visit friends in Mass. "Ben" Butler was on board the "Providence," and so was Prof. W. G. Jones.

HYPO.

NOTICE.

Services in the signs, will be held, God willing, on Sunday, March 6, as follows:—

In Christ Church, Brooklyn, E. D. Morning Prayer and the Holy Communion will be interpreted for any of the deaf who may attend; it is asked that they occupy pew 76, or sit near the chancel in order that their presence may be known by the interpreter.

At 3 P. M., the usual sign service will be held in St. Ann's Chapel, Clinton St., South Brooklyn.

The public debt was reduced during February \$2,702,193.31.

NEW YORK.

I did it with my little Hatchet.

A SILVER WEDDING.

This and That.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

Monday last ushered in the 154th anniversary of the birth of the "Father of his country." As he is generally known to the average "Young American," and the observance in the city, beside the usual hoisting of the stars and stripes on the numerous forts, public buildings and business houses, with here and there a like display of the national colors from the windows of many private residences, whose inmates were still filled with patriotic enthusiasm for the man who "never told a lie," was the chief reminder to the wayfarer, that it was Washington's birthday.

The weather, which had put on its "Spring" attire, coupled with the customary closing of all business places, had the effect of lending a general holiday look to the streets, which from early morn till dusk were filled with people, all seemingly dressed in their Sunday attire, and appearing on the whole to enjoy the extra day's respite from their desks and work-shops.

The military parade, which up to a few years ago had been the chief object of interest of the day's observance, was missed on this occasion. We can remember the time, when Broadway from 14th Street to the city Hall, was literally packed from curb to house front with enthusiastic crowds, who had assembled to see our "N. G. S. N. Y." keep time to the onliving strains of "Yankee Doodle," "Tommy Dodd" and "Captain Jinks," but this has given place to "Jaquy Sharp" and his Broadway palace cars, while the cry at present seems to be, "Oh where, Oh where is Billy Maloney?"

The masquerade at the N. Y. Inst. was the chief point of interest to our mute community, and from what we learn, at least 100 took in Fanwood during the day and remained to see the antics of the maskers that was on the programme for the evenings entertainment. "Snooks" was among them, and reports a right royal time.

We would like to have been at present, but an invitation to the "Washington Grays" on the same evening said otherwise, so we can have little to say on the maskers and then escorts. However, we enjoyed the evening as it was, and danced all the dances, from the Polka to the Saratoga Lanciers.

The silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Sweeney, which came off on Saturday evening, the 20th inst., proved a most enjoyable affair, not only to those who participated, but to the happy couple themselves. Twenty-five years of married life seems to have agreed with them, and the many presents they received show they are held in high esteem by their mute acquaintances. Their charming daughter, Lavinia, helped to make things lively, and it was the general desire of all present that another quarter of a century would not find them as hale and hearty as they are now.

The lecture advertised in the daily press to take place in St. Ann's Church last Sunday evening, which was to be interpreted for the benefit of deaf-mutes, did not bring forth more than half a dozen of the latter class.

The lecturer occupied about half an hour in his discourse, which was interpreted by Dr. Gallaudet, and seemed to be enjoyed by those present.

As the weather clerk on top of the Equitable building took it into his head to be at war with our benevolent friend, C. R. Thomson, it would seem but proper that the weather on the evening set down for the postponement of the magic lantern entertainment of the Guild of Silent Workers was to take the form of its predecessor. It rained, but that did not prevent a goodly number attending. The views presented were many and interesting, and those who attended were treated to something not down on the programme in the way of a sleight-of-hand and feats of magic entertainment, presented by Prof. Herat, who was performing in an adjoining room for the benefit of a young ladies' benevolent society connected with St. Ann's Church. The Gallaudet Memorial Committee would do well to take notice of this, and inquire of the parties concerned for the terms of the gentleman who exhibited the feats. An entertainment of this sort would have the effect of drawing a large attendance, and would be enjoyed by both deaf-mutes and their hearing friends, and bring in a handsome sum to the Memorial Fund.

The daily papers of Saturday contained with few exceptions elaborate accounts of the trial of valet Van Dorn and the deaf-mute valet, Minnie Pancost. Mr. J. F. J. Tresch, took it into his head to be at the hearing. He somewhat muddled things by presenting himself as editor of the JOURNAL. We understand a committee was appointed to test the sanity of Miss Pancost. Mr. Tresch offered to lend his service to Mr. Van Dorn in obtaining his bride, but we think if Judge Barrett were to appoint a commission to inquire into the sanity of J. F. J. Tresch, he would confer a favor on the mutes of New York City. If Tresch would mind his

own business and settle down to his paint and brush, his ignorance would be less exposed.

The favored few who were present at the Boston Banquet report a high old time. Three of those who attended could not rest till they had their hand some wings taken through a photograph's camera, one of which we learn from "Snooks" is to adorn the walls of the Gallaudet Club.

THIS AND THAT

We learn the picnic of the German Club is to take place July 10th, at Shultz's Harlem River Park. The music will be fine, as the name of Prof. R. E. Sause is said to be on the programme.

The Brooklyn Society have done well in selecting Broadway Park for their picnic, as the "L" road lands its passengers at the gate, and New Yorkers, who may attend, can reach the park from 14th Street by rapid transit within the three quarters of an hour.

The Tally-Ho (T) Club holds a meeting some time the first week of this month. At this meeting only those initiated will be admitted, but it is thought the meetings hereafter will be open to the general public. Great things are expected of this "now-do-take-care" association.

"Ed" Barry, who was down on the programme of the pantomimic "Jack and Jill" as "Walsing Ham" the fop, is hereafter to be known as "Pop"—being presented with a bouncing baby a week ago. The C. L. & B. U. should not forget to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Barry in the way of something handsome.

A private surprise was tendered one of our young ladies, Thursday last, at which Messrs. Soper and LeClerq did the grand act.

It is thought Dr. Peet's lecture, which comes off on the 16th inst., will in point of numbers in attendance, outdo any of the G. M. C. efforts heretofore.

We have just the least little inkling that a debate between representatives of this city and the City of Brotherly Love will be one of the solemn affairs to grace the Lenten season.

It is rumored that no less than six engagements are waiting for the Easter holidays, when they will thereafter be known as Mr. and Mrs., if you please.

MONTAGUE TIGG.

Baltimore.

Your regular correspondent, after enjoying the pleasures of the Society circles in this city and Washington during the past few weeks, scarcely found time to keep up his correspondence.

A very pretty wedding took place at the parsonage of the Caroline M. E. Church, on February 18th. The contracting parties were Mr. Harry Durkee and Miss Alvertia Desveraux. The bride's dress was of Ottoman silk, diamond ornaments to suit. She wore a veil and a large corsage bouquet of Marchal Neil roses, and also carried a bouquet of the same flowers. A reception followed at the residence of the groom. The only mutes present were your scribe and Mr. Knoechel.

The marriage of Mr. Louis Kampe and Miss Katie Bruck promises to be a brilliant affair, but it will be some months ere it will take place.

Miss Ella Peregoy has been confined to her room for some time with a severe cold. Hopes have been entertained for her recovery, which has been doubtful.

The illness of Mrs. O. A. Amoss was due to a severe cold, but she has permanently recovered, and when last seen by your correspondent was in good health and humor.

Miss Clara Sterne, who met with a serious accident by being knocked down by a horse of the red line, has recovered from the effects. "Autumn" exaggerated the affair when she said that one of the wheels nearly passed over her. It was the horse's hoof only.

The masquerade and surprise party which is to be tendered to Mr. and Mrs. Sprague on the 3d of next month, was designed to be kept a secret until it passed over. "Autumn" in his superabundant wisdom, has widely circulated it and we have a great difficulty in keeping THE JOURNAL from the reach of the parties to be "surprised."

Mr. McElroy was the first to suggest the party, and as a majority of the mute girls made excuses of being unable to go, their places were quickly filled with speaking ladies. The boys are quite proud of ourselves.

Mrs. Aaron Friederich has a strong resemblance to Mrs. Kaufmann and one day your correspondent mistook her for the latter.

Mr. A. C. Buxton, of Lowell, Md., was in this city and threw a blizzard of Civil Service Reform upon your scribe.

Mrs. Ijams and Miss Mollie Ijams, a teacher of the Maryland School, were seen in this city on Washington's birthday purchasing goods on Lexington Street, preparatory to leaving for Frederick.

A few weeks ago, a negro deaf-mute, whose name could not be ascertained was killed by a passing freight train on the Annapolis and Elkridge Railroad, not far from Annapolis Junction. He was a farm hand.

Mr. Uusworth, of Washington, D. C., was in this city about a week ago. He had his pockets stuffed with Royal-yorking glasses and presented every mute in the city with one. He is representing the Royal Glue Company, we were told.

Yours truly,

February 27, 1886.

CINCINNATI.

The Masked Ball.

MINOR MENTION.

(From our Cincinnati Correspondent.)

Circumstances prevented the report of the Society Ball given on Feb. 17th, being for written in time for last week's paper, and sundry maids and matrons have regarded your correspondent with suspicion in their glances, when he explained to them, that he really couldn't help it. I hope it will not be too stale by the time it is in print.

The committee in charge had everything arranged properly, and there was nothing forgotten, but they had spent a good deal of money, and when they surveyed the array of beer-kgs, lemonade, sandwiches, wine, etc., they had purchased, all ready to be served out, and held their final council of war at 7:30, some of them felt a little nervous for fear they might come in were two negresses, and they considered that a lucky omen, and felt better.

By half past eight, there was a very fair attendance, and people were streaming in, the big policeman at the door being so busy taking tickets that he had no time to drink the beer we brought him; the band struck up, the dancing floor was crowded with gayly dressed couples, and in the bar the waiters were working like engines passing out the foam. The characters represented were numerous, and the costumes were neat and many of them beautiful, but only the names of some of the mutes were noted by your reporter, the rest not being considered necessary.

The only mute gentlemen in masks we remember seeing were Mr. Fisher, as a jockey; Mr. Rutter, as a cavalier; and Mr. Knollman in some female character. The ladies, however, were nearly all masked, and a good deal of amusement was caused by one's not being able to tell whether a mask was deaf or not. Miss Wolski wore a costume of patch-work, ala "crazy quilt." Miss Morin patriotically displayed the stars and stripes (several persons saw stars that night, but we digress); Miss Wooley announced herself as a Good Queen Bess, tho' she looked better than the pictures of that historical personage; Mrs. Hahn, being from the south, assumed a southern character, and appeared as a peanut girl, in a neat costume of blue and white trimmed with festoons of peanuts, and with earrings and bracelets of the same; Miss Baehberle was a Gipsy Queen, in a dress of black trimmed with crimson, and carried a tambourine, she was kept too busy dancing to tell fortunes; Miss Nimsger appeared as a Spanish Princess, in blue and pink, and was almost as haughty at times as the character she represented; Miss Heyl wore a blue Mother-Hubbard dress and domino, and Miss Schroeder was a Polish Princess. There were other ladies in costume, so many that there is not space to enumerate them.

One of the neatest and most tasteful characters was little Freddy Reiker disguised as a rosebud. He had pinned a beautiful bud on his lapel, and that, together with his committee badge, effectually concealed his identity until the bud wilted and permitted his face to be seen.

O. Vance was covered with deep gloom early in the afternoon. He was subdividing a section of rye bread into slabs to manufacture sandwiches withal, when the cold chisel slipped from the adamant surface and gashed his finger dreadfully. He adjourned to a drug store across the street to have it dressed, and the loss of blood, together with the hope of getting a free sip of French brandy, caused him to faint, but the druggist was too "fly," and brought him to with hartsorn. In the evening he sat in the gallery and allowed a beautiful specimen of European royalty to comfort him.

The Society owes a vote of thanks to Ardine Rembeck for his valuable services in demolishing the wine.

The audience was eminently a respectable one, there were no bums, and not the slightest sign of a disturbance; even Ben Oppenheimer, who has been telling the boys that he was going to murder me in cold blood for what I wrote about him at Prof. Patterson's lecture, restrained his wrath and contented himself with snubbing me dreadfully when I wanted to know if he was personating the wild man of Borneo. The big policeman had nothing to do but take tickets and imbibe the foam.

Two accidents, happened in the morning, after the ball broke up. Mr. Freers, the father of our Willie (I forgot to say that Willie Freers was one of the chiefs, and did very well), slipped on the icy pavement and bruised his face very painfully, and Joe Kelly, when he was going home about five o'clock, also fell on the ice, spraining his ankle, and fainting from the pain.

A patrol wagon was called, and with a couple of the boys to show the way, he was driven to his home on Walnut Hills. The latest reports say he is getting on very well, and will be out in a couple of weeks.

Chairman Hahn managed affairs very nicely, and instead of no one knowing how much had been spent, and having everything in incomprehensible confusion, as has several times occurred after society balls and picnics, everything is in the best of order and every cent is accounted for by bills and vouchers. The Society is a good deal ahead financially and has

not got a lot of bad cigars left on its hands as was the case after the last ball in '84, when enough weeds were purchased to open a cigar store.

Mr. Lowther has been very unfortunate recently. A long time ago he had the fingers of his left hand injured while at work in a marble yard. Recently his brother's family, with whom he was living, broke up and left town, and not being able to work, and having no friends, he was admitted to the city hospital, where it was discovered that the middle finger was injured past recovery and suppurated, necessitating its amputation. Being without friends or money, and unable to work, he is indeed to be pitied, and if the Only Greatest intends its cash for "charitable purposes" as was once officially announced, here is a very good chance to prove it.

At the next meeting of the Society, there will be a debate on "Hand vs. Machine Labor."

As I do not know where to find Ben Oppenheimer, I take this method of asking him, if he is so terribly anxious to slay me, to call at my office and do it. I consider it very bad taste to raise a row at the society, when I have a lady with me. He has been at Lancet-Office office once, peddling his so-called "Electric Eye Shade," but in case he has forgotten, I will give him the number: 201 W. Seventh, and my hours are usually from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M.

FREE LANCE.

2-28-'86

A Valentine Surprise Party.

A few days previous to St. Valentine Day, Mrs. Washington Houston wrote a postal notifying Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Cunningham that she would pay them a formal visit on the 13th of February, and that her husband would take Mr. T. Cunningham out to visit the Indian show in the evening. On the 13th inst., Mrs. W. Houston came and spent the afternoon in company with Mrs. T. Cunningham at the latter's house until after tea was taken, and also that Mr. Houston came in and told Mr. Cunningham that he had changed his intention of going the Indian show, owing to the lateness of the hour.

After the stroke of eight o'clock, Mr. Blackcensee and Miss Goddard came in. Mr. and Mrs. T. Cunningham were purely surprised when they were informed by Mr. and Mrs. Washington Houston that the surprise party was to be tendered to them after a while. After that, about twenty-five deaf-mutes of both sexes arrived successively, in high glee, and presented some handsome valentines to the host and hostess, who very much appreciated them.

During the evening, to elevate the social with merriment and joviality, Mr. William G. Harrison, a graduate of New York School, who is a well-known wit, amused everybody.

We are much indebted to Mr. and Mrs. William G. Harrison for their kind assistance in arranging for the nice refreshments, which consisted of cakes of different kinds, and hot coffee; and then ice-cream of two kinds—chocolate and vanilla.

Approaching towards the stroke of twelve o'clock, all the mutes bade the host and hostess "Good Night," and started for home.

Those who were present there, are as follows: Mr. and Mrs. T. Cunningham and daughter Bertha, Mr. S. Bacharach, Mr. H. Blackcensee and Miss Carrie Goddard, Mr. Thomas Delp, Mr. J. Hahn, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Washington Houston and daughter Anna, Mr. and Mrs. Leshier, Mr. W. A. Miles, Mr. P. McDonnell and Miss Kate Eisele, Mr. George Slifer and Miss Liebrandt, and Mr. Edward Wilson.

We all wish Mr. and Mrs. T. Cunningham a long and happy life.

Respectfully,

A PHILADELPHIA CORRESPONDENT.

New Jersey.

On the 21st of February, the writer went to Swedesboro, on a visit. On his return he missed the Sunday evening train, which compelled him to walk the distance of six miles.

Christopher Kuhn, a German deaf and dumb man, lives with his brother Charles in North Woodstown, N. J. He is about fifty years old, and came from Germany about seven years ago.

The members of the Pennsylvania Deaf-Mute Association, which was held in Philadelphia, Pa., in August, 1884, wish to know if it is their duty to assemble in Scranton, Pa., next Summer, at the opening of the Convention.

Mrs. Sallie J. Bayne and children, formerly of Philadelphia, Pa., are now living in Swedes

